

# FIGHT AGAINST CRIME

## HORROR AND SUSPENSE

JAN.



I KILLED HIM AND I'M GLAD! TO SEE THAT KNIFE IN HIS NECK MAKES ME HAPPY! *HAPPY!* I HATED HIM!

TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT GONNA STAY HAPPY, SISTER! HE WAS MY BROTHER ...AND I'M GONNA KILL YOU!







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**T**HIS TANTALIZING TALE OF CRIME AND DEATH WILL KEEP YOU GLUED TO YOUR SEATS WITH SUSPENSE AND FEAR! THE TWO KILLERS THOUGHT THEY HAD EVERY ANGLE FIGURED... BUT THEY FORGOT JUST ONE SMALL DETAIL! WITHIN MINUTES THEY WERE — — —

# TRAPPED!



C-CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER, FRANK... I'M DYING! OH, GOD... VULTURES! D-DON'T LET 'EM GET ME, FRANK! HELP ME!

HELP YOU? I'D LIKE TO KILL YOU! YOU GOTTA KEEP GOIN', WALT! I AIN'T GONNA DIE BE-CAUSE OF YOU!

OUR STORY OPENS IN A DINGY HOTEL ROOM IN LOS MENTAR, NEVADA, WHERE TWO EX-CONS, FRANK LENNOX AND WALT HALL LAY PLANS FOR A BUSY AFTERNOON'S "WORK"...

YOU GOT 'EVERYTHING STRAIGHT, WALT?

SURE, FRANK! THESE SMALL TOWN BANKS ARE A CINCH! BY THE TIME THE LOCAL SHERIFF GETS ON THE SCENE, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY TO 'VEGAS!



IT'S LATER THAT SAME DAY AND IN THE LOS MENTAR BANK THE LOCAL CITIZENRY GOES PEACEFULLY ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS...

'AFTERNOON, MRS. FOWLER! SHORE IS WARM, AIN'T IT?

SUPPOSED TO GO OVER A HUNDERD BY EVENIN' THE PAPER SAYS! DEPOSIT THIS TO MR. FOWLER'S ACCOUNT, PLEASE, TEDDY!





WHAT'S THE IDEA, MABEL? YOU USUALLY MAKE *WITHDRAWALS*, NOT *DEPOSITS*!

NOW, SAM, YOU KNOW THAT AIN'T...

OKAY, QUIT THE GABBIN' AND GET YER HANDS UP!



FRANK AND WALT MAKE QUICK WORK OF THE BANK...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! WE'VE GOT LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES IN LOS...

**SHUT UP, FATHEAD,** YER BORING ME!

HURRY UP WITH THAT DOUGH! WE'RE IN A HURRY!



THE ROBBERY MIGHT HAVE GONE OFF WITHOUT A HITCH IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MRS. FOWLER'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD SON.

MOMMY, WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG? I...

**DICKIE, GO AWAY! DON'T...**

WHAT TH...

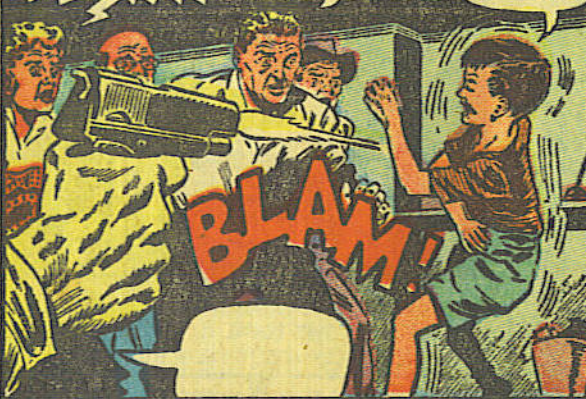


BEFORE WALT REALIZES IT IS ONLY A SMALL BOY, IT'S TOO LATE...

OH, MY GOD! NO... NO... MY BABY...

WALT, YOU FOOL!

AHRRRR

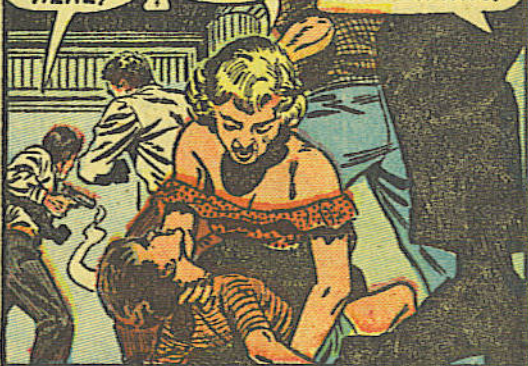


THE JOB IS ONLY HALF-FINISHED BUT THE GUNMEN KNOW THE SOUND OF THE SHOTS WILL MEAN TROUBLE...

C'MON, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

MY...MY (SOB) BABY...

**DIRTY LOUSY LOW-DOWN MURDERERS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!**



AS THE GET-AWAY CAR SPEEDS TOWARD LAS VEGAS, FRANK WASTES NO TIME IN TELLING WALT WHAT HE THINKS OF HIM...

FER PETE'S SAKE, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

**YOU STUPID BUNGLING JERK!** INSTEAD OF A TWO-BIT BANK JOB NOW WE'RE MIXED UP IN A MURDER! EVERY COP IN THE 'COUNTRY IS GONNA BE GUNNING FER US!



ACCIDENT! DON'T HAND ME THAT! YER A TRIGGER-HAPPY APE! I OUGHTTA...

FRANK! UP AHEAD... A STATE COP'S FLAGGIN' DOWN THE CARS!

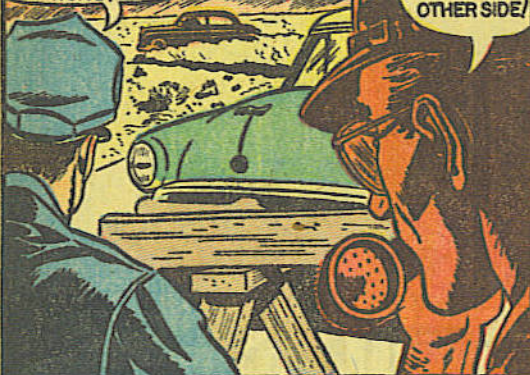




FRANK SWERVES THE CAR OFF ONTO A SIDE ROAD...  
BUT THE ACTION DOESN'T GO UNOBSERVED...

HEY, MAC, LOOK AT  
THAT CAR BEATING  
IT DOWN THE SIDE  
ROAD!

YEAH!  
I'LL ALERT  
THE BOYS  
ON THE  
OTHER SIDE!

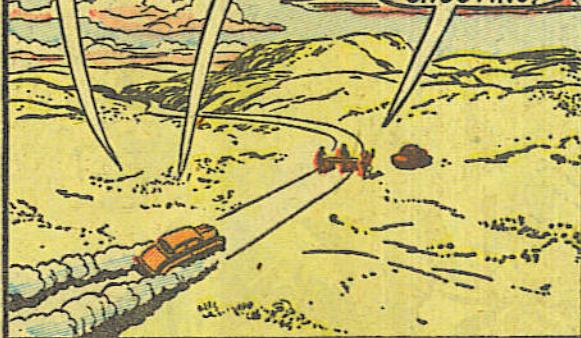


AND WHEN FRANK AND WALT COME TO THE END OF  
THE NARROW SIDE ROAD...

F-FRANK, THEY  
GOT US  
TRAPPED!

MAYBE THEY DO...  
BUT THEY'LL HAVE  
TO FIGHT TO  
TAKE US!

STOP WHERE  
YOU ARE AND  
COME OUT WITH  
YOUR HANDS UP  
OR WE'LL START  
SHOOTING!



BUT INSTEAD OF STOPPING, FRANK  
STEPS EVEN HARDER ON THE GAS  
AND THE CAR SHOOTS AHEAD...

COME AND GET  
US, COPPERS!

YOU ASKED  
FOR IT! OPEN  
FIRE, MEN!



TRY THIS  
FOR SIZE,  
FLAT-  
FOOT!

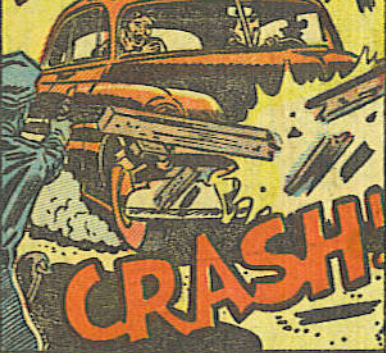
FRANK, I... I'M  
SCARED! WE CAN'T  
SHOOT OUR WAY OUT OF  
THIS! THERE'S TOO  
MANY OF 'EM!

BLAM!



EAGH R R R R!  
M-MY SHOULDER!

BLAM! BLAM!  
BLAM! BLAM!



ALTHOUGH WALT IS WOUNDED, THE GUNMEN MAKE  
GOOD THEIR ESCAPE. HOURS LATER, DIRTY AND TIRED,  
THEY REACH THEIR HIDE-OUT NEAR LAS VEGAS.

FRANK, YOU GOTTA  
GET ME A DOCTOR!  
I'M BLEEDING  
LIKE A PIG!

TOO BAD! I'M NOT GETTING  
A SAWBONES! THINGS ARE  
TOUGH ENOUGH AS IT IS! I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF IT!



AS A DOCTOR FRANK LENNOX WOULD WIN NO  
PRIZES... IT TAKES AN HOUR OF PAINFUL  
PROBING AND POKING FOR HIM TO FINALLY  
REMOVE THE BULLET FROM WALT'S SHOULDER...

AIEEEE! FOR GOD'S  
SAKE! YER KILLIN' ME!

STOP  
SCREAMING!  
I GOT IT!





THE GUNMEN HOLE UP IN THE CABIN FOR TWO DAYS... TWO DAYS OF COMPLAINING AND WHIMPERING ON THE PART OF WALT...

IF THE RAIN KEEPS UP WE'LL MAKE A BREAK THIS AFTERNOON!

MY ARM ACES! I AIN'T WELL ENOUGH YET!



YER TRYING MY PATIENCE, WALT! YOU GOT US INTO THIS MESS... AND YOU'LL DO AS I SAY... OR I'M LEAVIN'!

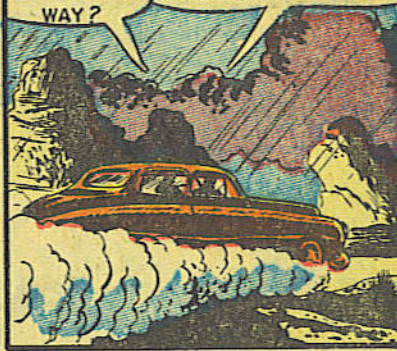
OKAY, FRANK... SURE, I'LL COME! WE'RE PARTNERS... WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER!



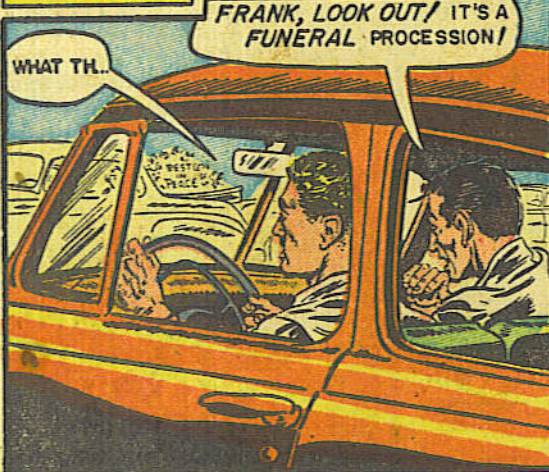
AS FRANK HAD HOPED THE RAIN CONTINUES AND LATE IN THE AFTERNOON THE BATTERED SEDAN STARTS AWAY...

FRANK, YOU SURE IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO COME THIS WAY?

DON'T BE A JERK! WHO'D BE LOOKING FOR US ON A ROAD LEADING TOWARD LOS MENTAR?



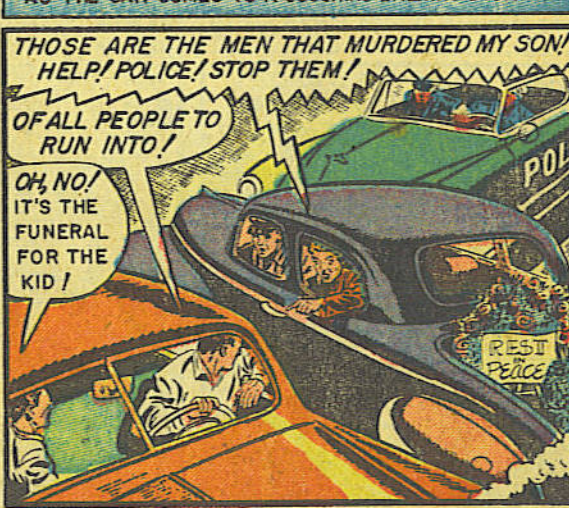
THE GET-AWAY CAR SPEEDS FASTER AND FASTER AND WHEN FRANK MAKES A SHARP TURN AROUND A CURVE...



FRANK, LOOK OUT! IT'S A FUNERAL PROCESSION!

WHAT TH...

FRANK SWERVES IN TIME TO AVOID A CRASH BUT AS THE CAR COMES TO A COUGHING BALKING STOP...



THOSE ARE THE MEN THAT MURDERED MY SON! HELP! POLICE! STOP THEM!

OF ALL PEOPLE TO RUN INTO!

OH, NO! IT'S THE FUNERAL FOR THE KID!

BEFORE THE TWO KILLERS HAVE A CHANCE TO MOVE THEY FIND THEMSELVES HANDCUFFED TOGETHER IN A POLICE CAR HEADED TOWARD LOS MENTAR...



NICE OF YOU GUYS TO DELIVER YOURSELVES TO US!

M-MY SHOULDER'S BLEEDING AGAIN! YOU GOTTA STOP AND HELP ME!

AS THE OFFICER LEANS OVER THE FRONT SEAT, FRANK MOVES WITH THE SPEED OF A TIGER...



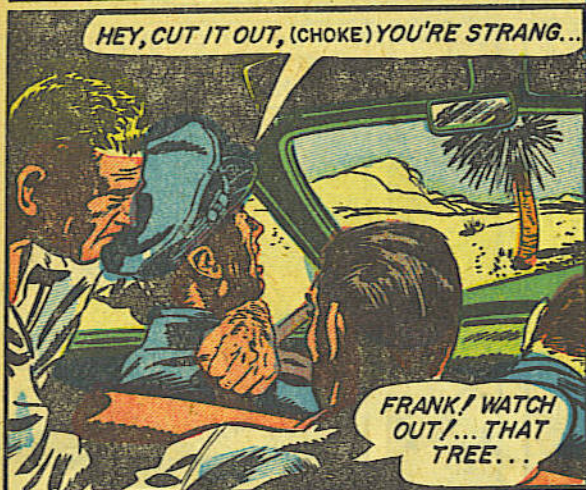
WE'RE NOT STOPPING BUT, HERE LET ME TAKE A LOOK... UGHHHHH!

HEY! WHAT TH...

CRACK!

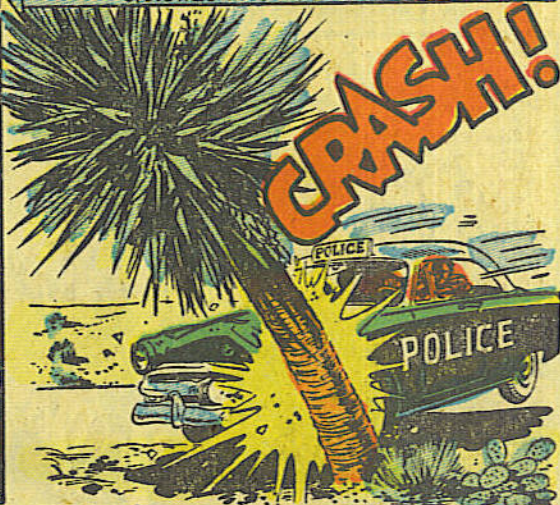


BEFORE THE DRIVER CAN REACH FOR HIS GUN, A MUSCULAR ARM GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT AND...



FRANK! WATCH OUT!... THAT TREE...

AN INSTANT LATER THE WILDLY CAREENING CAR CRASHES INTO THE TREE...



BEFORE THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS POLICE CAN MOVE, THE KILLERS DASH INTO THE DESERT...



BUT NOTHING STOPS THE DETERMINED FRANK. DESPITE WALT'S WOUNDS HE KEEPS RUNNING...



ON AND ON THEY GO... HOUR AFTER HOUR... UNTIL NIGHTFALL...



...I CAN'T LET YOU GO! WE HAVEN'T GOT THE KEY FOR THE HANDCUFFS!



THEY DON'T DARE STOP LONG AND FOR THE NEXT TWELVE HOURS THE LONE TWOSOME CONTINUES DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE NEVADA DESERT UNTIL...

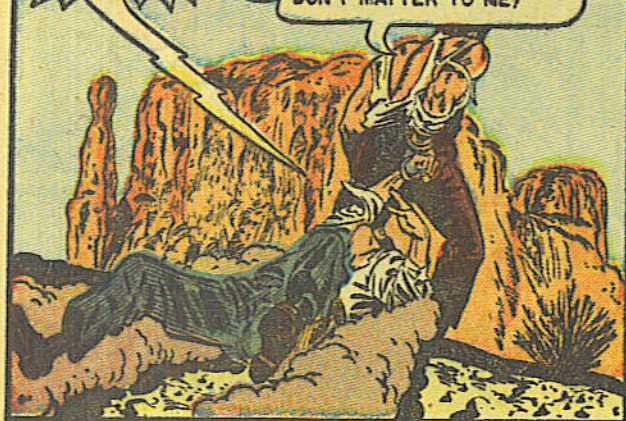




FRANK STARTS RUNNING AGAIN, PULLING AND DRAGGING  
WALT WHO SCREAMS IN PAIN...

FRANK, NO...  
NO... STOP...

GO AHEAD, YELL YER HEAD OFF!  
SCREAM YER LUNGS OUT, IT  
DON'T MATTER TO ME!



BUT AFTER AN HOUR WALT'S SCREAMS AND  
MOANS STOP... HE'S SILENT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CRYBABY, YOU  
FINALLY GET TIRED OF... HEY,  
WALT, WHAT'S WRONG...?



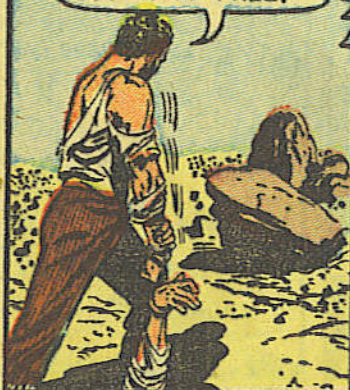
FOR WALTER HALL, THE DESPERATE  
JOURNEY HAS ENDED...

HE'S DEAD! I'VE GOTTA GET RID OF  
HIS BODY! I CAN'T KEEP DRAGGING HIM!



FRANK PULLS AND TUGS... BUT  
TO NO AVAIL! HE'S TRAPPED  
WITH THE DEAD BODY...

MAYBE I CAN SMASH THEM  
OPEN ON A ROCK! I'VE  
GOT TO GET FREE!



HE DRAGS THE CORPSE OVER  
TO THE ROCK AND WITH A  
MIGHTY EFFORT SLAMS HIS  
ARM DOWN...

EEOWWWW! OH,  
GOD, MY WRIST...  
I'VE BROKEN  
MY WRIST!



BUT THOUGH HIS WRIST IS BROKEN, THE HANDCUFFS  
AREN'T... IN DESPERATION HE PICKS UP THE BODY AND  
AND STARTS WALKING AGAIN...

THIRSTY... SO THIRSTY! MAYBE I CAN  
FIND A MINER'S CABIN OR SOMETHING! I'VE  
GOT TO HAVE A DRINK!



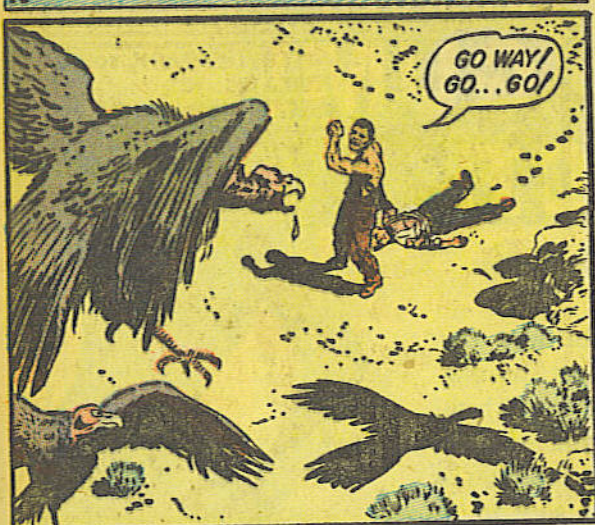
HIS LIPS GROW DRIER, HIS MOUTH MORE  
PARCHED... HE SLIPS AND FALLS... AND THEN  
HE SEES THEM...

OH, LORD...  
(CHOKE)...  
VULTURES!





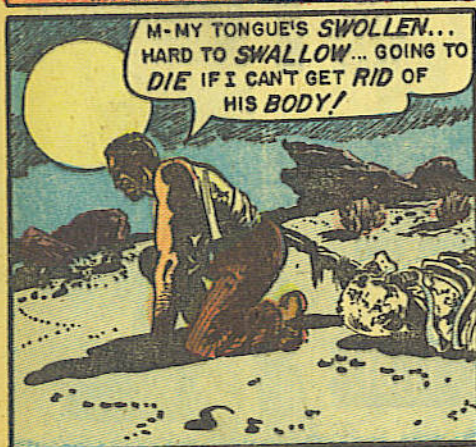
HE YELLS AND SCREAMS AND WAVES THEM OFF...



AND THEN HE FALLS BACK, EXHAUSTED... DARKNESS SLOWLY COMES TO THE DESERT AND HE SLEEPS... IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT WHEN HE AWAKENS TO HEAR CHEWING AND PECKING...



HIS AGONIZED MIND PLEADS FOR RELEASE FROM THIS STINKING DECAYING CORPSE... AND HIS TORTURED BODY PLEADS FOR WATER... WATER... WATER... WATER...



HIS STRENGTH IS QUICKLY EBBING AND HE CAN CRAWL ONLY A FEW YARDS...

OH, LORD, SOMEBODY (SOB) HELP ME... HELP ME...



ONCE MORE UNCONSCIOUSNESS OVERCOMES HIM AND HE FALLS BACK... WHEN HE WAKES UP, THE HOT SUN IS BEATING DOWN AGAIN... AND THERE'S A STRANGE PRESSURE ON HIS CHEST...



BUT HE'S TOO WEAK TO MOVE... HE CAN ONLY LIE THERE AND WAIT... WAIT FOR THE BEADY-EYED VULTURES TO FINISH THEIR FEAST ON WALT AND START ON HIM!



HE FEELS THE VICE-LIKE JAWS CLUTCH AT HIS FLESH AND SLOWLY, BIT-BY-BIT, THE SKIN IS TORN FROM HIS BODY... BUT HE SCREAMS NO LONGER... THE DESERT IS QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE MUNCHING OF THE FEEDING BIRDS... FRANK IS DEAD....!





**I**N THIS FAST-MOVING TALE OF VIOLENCE FIGHT AGAINST CRIME BRINGS YOU A SHOCKING SAGA OF MURDER AND REVENGE! HAL COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME . . . BUT HE LEARNED TOO LATE THAT \_\_\_\_\_

# TURNABOUT'S FAIR! SPLAY!



OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMALL RURAL TOWN SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES. THE TIME IS THE PRESENT...

...AND HAL SAYS HE SEEN IT WITH HIS OWN EYES! ARE WE GONNA LET A MURDERER GO FREE IN OUR TOWN, BOYS!

NOW JEST A MINUTE, MEN! I'M THE LAW HERE AND YOU CAN'T TAKE THINGS INTO YER OWN HANDS!



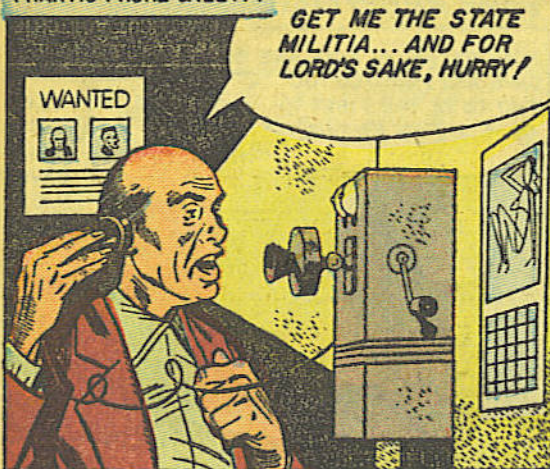
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SHERIFF! WE KNOW THE LAW ...HE'LL GET SOME FANCY BIG CITY LAWYER DOWN HERE AND GET OFF SCOT-FREE!

HAL'S RIGHT, BOYS! C'MON, LET'S TAKE CARE OF THE SKUNK OURSELVES!





THE ANGRY MOB SURGES DOWN THE PEACEFUL STREETS AND SHERIFF LEMUEL YOUNG MAKES A FRANTIC PHONE CALL...



WITH HAL DENNIS TO LEAD THEM THE MOB QUICKLY LAYS THEIR PLAN...

HE PROBABLY OUT AT THE FARM ACTING JUST AS INNOCENT AS A BABY! GET YER MASKS AND TORCHES AND MEET US THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES!

RIGHT, HAL... AND DON'T FORGET THE NOOSE!



THE CARS RACE THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT, EACH MAN BENT BUT ON A SINGLE THOUGHT...

MURDER! A MAN THAT MURDERS HIS OWN MOTHER DOESN'T DESERVE THE PROTECTION OF THE LAW! RIGHT, HAL?

RIGHT, JED!

IT WORKED! JUST LIKE I KNEW IT WOULD... IN AN HOUR I'LL BE RID OF DAVE LANE FOR GOOD!



DURING THE SHORT RIDE TO THE LANE FARM, HAL'S THOUGHTS SLIP BACK TO A NIGHT SIX MONTHS AGO...

...BUT, DAVE, I SHOULDN'T LEAVE. I CAME WITH HAL AND...

IT'S JUST FOR A SECOND, LYDIA! SUCH A PRETTY MOON IS MEANT TO BE ADMIRER!



LYDIA HAD BEEN HAL'S DATE AT THE WEEKLY BARN DANCE... BUT SHE'D SPENT MOST OF HER TIME WITH DAVE LANE...

DAVE, DAVE... LYDIA, I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU!



IT'S FUNNY... ALL THESE MONTHS I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU CARED, BUT I... I...

I GUESS I'M JUST A SLOW STARTER, HONEY! I THOUGHT YOU AND HAL...



DAVE AND LYDIA HAD BEEN TOO ENGROSSSED IN EACH OTHER TO KNOW THAT HAL HAD FOLLOWED THEM OUTSIDE AND WAS STANDING IN THE SHADOWS LISTENING TO THEIR TENDER LOVE SCENE...

HAL? LORD, NO! IT'S BEEN YOU ALL THE TIME, DAVE!

THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! NOBODY MAKES A FOOL OF ME!





HAL DENNIS IS A PROUD MAN AND ON THE NIGHT OF THE BARN DANCE HE DIDN'T LET ANYONE KNOW ABOUT THE SCENE HE'D WITNESSED BETWEEN DAVE AND LYDIA...

C'MON, GLADYS, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN MY KIND OF GIRL! LET'S DANCE!

SURE THING, HAL!

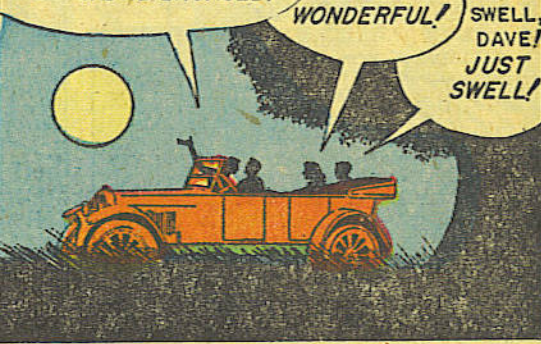


HAL HADN'T CALLED LYDIA AFTER THAT NIGHT AND NO ONE IN TOWN SUSPECTED HIS DEEP-ROOTED BURNING JEALOUSY OF DAVE...

HAL, YOU AND GLADYS ARE OUR BEST FRIENDS... DAVE AND I WANTED YOU TWO TO BE THE FIRST TO KNOW...WE'RE ENGAGED!

OH, LYDIA, HOW WONDERFUL!

SAY, THAT'S SWELL, DAVE! JUST SWELL!



BUT IN THE BACK OF HAL'S TWISTED MIND ONE THOUGHT, ONE DESIRE REPEATED ITSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN... REVENGE...REVENGE...

WE PLAN TO BE MARRIED AS SOON AS MOTHER IS STRONG ENOUGH! I'D LOVE A JUNE WEDDING...

YOU'LL NEVER MARRY HIM, LYDIA! NEVER!



HAL BIDED HIS TIME PATIENTLY, WAITING FOR JUST THE RIGHT OPPORTUNITY...IT WAS JUST A WEEK AGO WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY FINALLY PRESENTED ITSELF...

TOO BAD ABOUT LYDIA'S MOTHER, AIN'T IT? HEART ATTACK THEY SAY....

YES, POOR SOUL, IT HAPPENED SO FAST!



THE SEEDS OF SUSPICION AND DISTRUST ARE QUICKLY PLANTED...

SHORE WAS A QUICK FUNERAL TOO/DAVE INSISTED THAT LYDIA HAVE THE OLD LADY CREMATED! FIRST CREMATION WE EVER HAD IN TOWN!

YEAH, SO 'TIS, HAL! SO 'TIS/KINDA FUNNY, AIN'T IT?



JUST A FEW WORDS, A FEW SUBTLE REMARKS, THAT'S ALL IT TAKES...

GUESS THE OLD LADY'S DYING WAS A LUCKY BREAK FOR DAVE. SHE LEFT LYDIA A NICE TIDE LITTLE SUM... AND DAVE CAN USE IT IN HIS BUSINESS! UNDERSTAND THINGS HAVE BEEN KINDA TOUGH FOR HIM LATELY! WELL, SEE YOU AROUND, FELLAS!



BY EVENING THE RUMORS WERE FLYING THROUGH TOWN FAST AND FURIOUSLY...

WELL, SEEMS MIGHTY STRANGE TO ME! WHY'D HE HAVE HER CREMATED!

UNDERSTAND SHE LEFT \$20,000! SOME MEN MIGHT EVEN KILL FOR THAT MUCH MONEY!

...AND I HEARD HIS BUSINESS WAS NEAR BANKRUPTCY!





HAL SAVED HIS TRUMP CARD FOR LAST AND WHEN THE IRATE CITIZENS WERE AT A FEVER PITCH, HE LET HIS BOMBHELL EXPLODE...

I CHECKED WITH DOC WEBB OVER AT THE DRUG STORE... AND HE SAID DAVE BOUGHT ARSENIC LAST WEEK! SAID DAVE TOLD HIM NOT TO TELL LYDIA ABOUT IT EITHER!

WHY, THAT LOW-DOWN, NO-GOOD DOG!



HE KILLED HER! THAT'S WHAT HE DID... KILLED HER IN GOLD BLOOD!

YEAH, BUT HOW ARE WE GONNA PROVE IT!

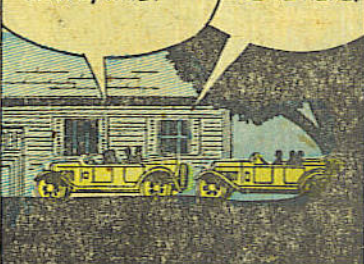
SOME-TIMES MEN HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, MEL!



A MEETING WAS HELD AT THE JAIL AND NOW, TWO HOURS LATER, THE SELF-APPOINTED VIGILANTES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SECURE "JUSTICE". YES, HAL'S PLAN HAS WORKED PERFECTLY...

IF THE SHERIFF WON'T TAKE CARE OF THE DIRTY KILLER, WE WILL! RIGHT, HAL?

RIGHT, JEB! BETTER PUT YOUR MASKS ON. WE'RE HERE!



THREE CARLOADS OF MEN ARRIVE AT DAVE'S FARM AND BEFORE THE UNSUSPECTING YOUNG MAN HAS A CHANCE...

LEMME GO! YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOING! YOU KILLED LYDIA'S MOTHER!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS! THIS IS A HORRIBLE MISTAKE!



BUT THE VIGILANTES ARE TOO INCENSED TO LISTEN TO FACTS... MOB VIOLENCE REIGNS AND THE SCREAMING MAN IS DRAGGED TO A TREE...

YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME! I BOUGHT THE ARSENIC FOR RATS! I DIDN'T WANT LYDIA TO KNOW 'CAUSE SHE'S AFRAID OF 'EM! BOYS, YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO ME! I...

STOP CRYING AND TAKE YER MEDICINE LIKE A MAN!

NO! NO!



THERE IS A MOMENT OF SILENCE AS THE NOOSE IS JERKED INTO PLACE AND A MAN'S BODY IS HOISTED THROUGH THE AIR... BUT THEN THE SILENCE IS BROKEN...

AGHRRRRRR!

OH, MY GOD... MY GOD!



AND THEN THE BODY DANGLING FROM THE TREE STOPS STRUGGLING AND IS QUIET. DAVE IS DEAD...

DAVE (SOB)  
DAVE...





ON THE FOLLOWING DAY DOZENS OF MEN ARE BROUGHT INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE FOR QUESTIONING... BUT IT'S HOPELESS. HOW CAN YOU ARREST AN ENTIRE TOWN?

YEAH, SURE! YOU WERE HOME IN BED LAST NIGHT ASLEEP! ALL RIGHT, DENNIS, YOU AND THE "VIGILANTES" WIN... **BUT SOME DAY YOU'LL LEARN YOU CAN'T IGNORE THE LAW!**

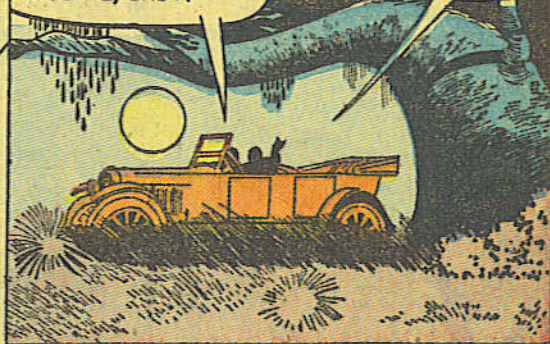
WHY, SHERIFF, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



HAL BIDES HIS TIME PATIENTLY AND AS THE MONTHS PASS HE DECIDES IT'S SAFE TO LET LYDIA KNOW HOW HE REALLY FEELS...

DON'T BE AN IDIOT, LYDIA! YOU CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE MOURNING DAVE! KISS ME, BABY!

NO, HAL. I'M NOT SURE. I-I NEED MORE TIME!



IT IS ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THAT LYDIA HEARS SOMETHING WHICH MAKES HER BLOOD FREEZE...

... AND I SAID TO MY HUSBAND, "POOR MR. DAVE, HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! MISTER HAL GOT EVERYBODY SO RILED UP THAT THEY WAS CRAZY WITH HATE!"

H-HAL? HAL...



THAT EVENING WHEN HAL TAKES LYDIA FOR A DRIVE HE FINDS THAT SHE'S COMPLETELY CHANGED TOWARD HIM. AS SHE PRESSES HER LIPS DOWN ON HIS, HE THINKS HE MUST BE DREAMING...

LYDIA, BABY!

TONIGHT, HAL... TONIGHT!



FOR A MOMENT HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND LYDIA'S MEANING... HE CAN'T BELIEVE SHE MEANS WHAT SHE SAYS...

TONIGHT, HONEY? YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

YES, HAL... YES, DARLING!

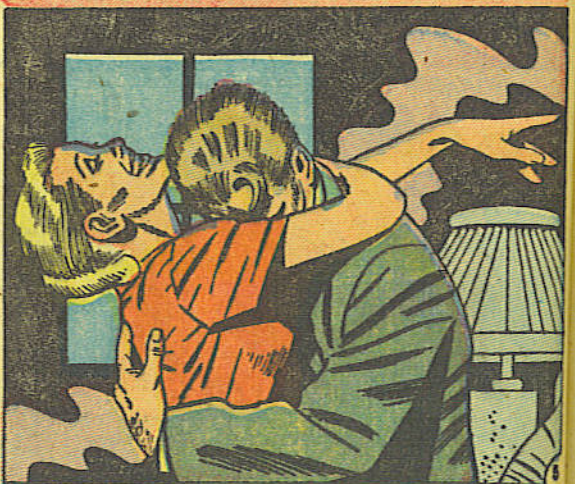


HAL'S BREATH COMES QUICKLY AND HIS HEART POUNDS IN LOUD RAPID BEATS... LYDIA IS GOING TO BE HIS! THEY DRIVE TO A MOTEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN AND WHILE LYDIA WAITS IN THE CAR, HE REGISTERS...

MR. AND MRS. HENRY DANIELS, EH? OKAY, BUB, CABIN 7!



MINUTES LATER HAL AND LYDIA ARE IN THE COOL DARKNESS OF THE CABIN...





CARL PETERS, THE OWNER OF THE MOTEL, IS DOZING BEHIND HIS DESK WHEN HE FIRST HEARS THE LOUD PIERCING SCREAM...

HELP! HELP, POLICE!  
PLEASE, SOMEBODY  
HELP ME!

WHAT IS LORD'S  
NAME...?



AND WHEN HE RUNS OUTSIDE THE MOTEL OFFICE...

PLEASE, MISTER, HELP ME!  
THAT MAN... H-H HE TRIED TO  
...(SOB) OH, IT WAS HORRIBLE!  
HE FORCED ME TO COME HERE!  
PLEASE (SOB) GET THE  
POLICE!

DON'T CRY,  
GIRLIE! WE  
KNOW HOW TO  
TAKE CARE  
OF FELLAS  
LIKE THAT!

LYDIA, WHAT  
TH...



AN HOUR LATER FINDS HAL IN JAIL...  
WHILE OUTSIDE CROWDS OF ENRAGED  
MEN SHOUT THEIR ANGER...

C'MON, SHERIFF, GIVE 'EM TO  
US! THAT KIND OF A DOG  
DOESN'T DESERVE A TRIAL!  
GRAB THE SHERIFF, MAG!

NOW, WAIT  
A...



BUT THE SHERIFF AND HIS TWO  
DEPUTIES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE  
FRENZIED MOB...

NO! KEEP AWAY  
FROM ME! I'M  
INNOCENT! IT  
WAS HER IDEA!  
SHE WANTED  
TO...

YOU DIRTY  
LOUSE,  
WHO'D BE  
CRAZY  
ENOUGH TO  
BELIEVE  
THAT?

GET THE  
KEYS, JOE!  
WE'LL SHOW  
THE SKUNK!



HAL IS DRAGGED FROM HIS CELL,  
SCREAMING AND PROTESTING HIS  
INNOCENCE...

P-PLEASE, YOU  
GOTTA BELIEVE  
ME! YOU CAN'T...

OH, BUT WE  
CAN, BIG  
SHOT! SEE  
THIS ROPE...  
IT'S GONNA  
BE AROUND  
YER NECK!



POOR HAL... IT'S A NIGHTMARE COME TO LIFE! THE  
MOB DRIVES TO A DESOLATE SPOT ON THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF TOWN AND...

AEEEEEEEEEE!  
EVEN HANGING IS TOO GOOD  
FOR A LOUSE LIKE THAT!



AND WHERE IS LYDIA? OH, NEVER FEAR, SHE'S  
THERE... AND IF YOU WERE TO LOOK CLOSELY YOU'D  
SEE A SLOW SMILE SPREAD OVER HER FACE! IT  
HAD BEEN SO EASY TO RIP HER CLOTHES AND MAKE  
A SCRATCH ON HER FACE! HER PLAN HAD WORKED  
... YES, TURNABOUT'S FAIR PLAY!

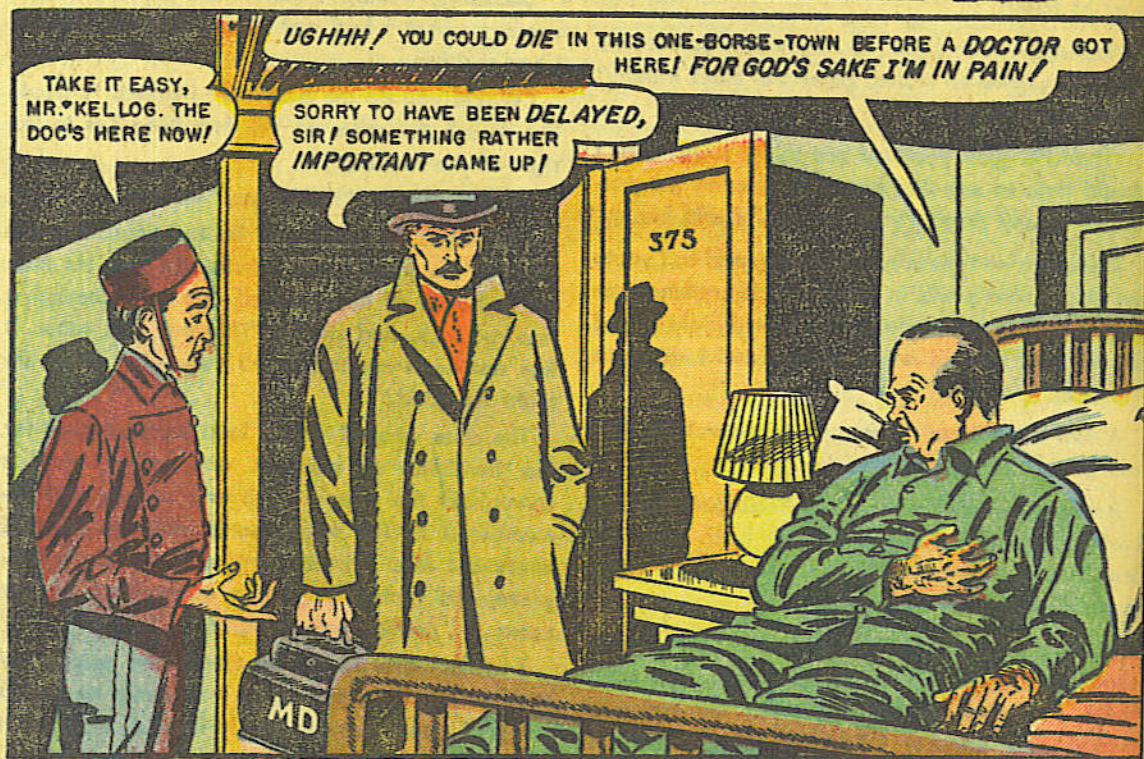


THE END



**B**ERNIE KELLOGG LIES IN HIS BED IN THE CHEAP HOTEL, HIS FACE DISTORTED WITH PAIN, HIS HAND CLUTCHING AT HIS HEART. HE WANTS A DOCTOR AND HE WANTS HIM NOW... HE WAS ALWAYS CALLED HEARTLESS... BUT NOW AT LAST THE WRACKING PAIN TOLD HIM HE REALLY HAD A HEART.

# HEARTLESS!



THE BELLHOP LEAVES AND DOCTOR HOWARD WIRTH SITS DOWN ON THE BED NEXT TO HIS PATIENT...

NOW SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME AND TRY TO REMEMBER WHEN THESE PAINS FIRST BEGAN!

IT BEGAN ON THE TRAIN COMING DOWN HERE. I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN, THE NAME'S KELLOGG. BERNIE KELLOGG! DOC, YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING! I FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA DIE!



THE DOCTOR LISTENS TO THE THUMPING HEART BENEATH BERNIE'S CHEST AND THEN SLOWLY WITHDRAWS THE STETHESCOPE...

W-WHAT IS IT, DOC... MY HEART?

I CAN'T BE SURE YET, MR. KELLOGG. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SHOT THAT WILL RELAX YOU AND THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL MORE.





OUT OF THE BLACK BAG COMES THE LONG HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND WITH ONE DEFT MOVEMENT THE DOCTOR ADMINISTERS THE SHOT...

NOTHING SERIOUS BETTER BE WRONG, DOC. THIS IS A BIG NIGHT IN MY LIFE! A REAL BIG NIGHT!

I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOUR PLANNING ON GOING ANYWHERE, MR. KELLOG. YOU'RE IN NO CON...



NO, I AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE... **SOMEBODY'S COMING HERE TO SEE ME!** A LADY! THAT STUFF YOU GAVE ME MUST BE STARTING TO WORK ... I FEEL KINDA **DREAMY**...

JUST RELAX, MR. KELLOG. I'M GOING TO SIT OVER HERE UNTIL WE'RE READY TO CHECK YOUR HEART AGAIN!



I KINDA FEEL LIKE **TALKING** TO SOMEONE. LOOK, DOC, AIN'T-YOU MEDICAL MEN GOT SOME KIND OF **CODE** SO THAT WHEN A PATIENT TELLS YOU SOMETHING IT'S STRICTLY PRIVATE?

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. KELLOG. FEEL **FREE** TO TALK...WHEN YOU **CONFIDE** IN A DOCTOR IT'S AS **CONFIDENTIAL** AS TALKING TO A MINISTER OR A PRIEST!



AND SO BERNIE KELLOG LEANS BACK AGAINST THE PILLOWS AND IN A VOICE FOGGY WITH SEDATIVE, BEGINS TALKING...

EVEN THOUGH I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD, I'M A **HAPPY** MAN TONIGHT! AT **MID-NIGHT** A LADY'S COMING HERE WITH **\$50,000** FOR ME!



"IT BEGAN BACK IN THE THIRTIES. THEY CALLED ME 'HEARTLESS BERNIE'. IN MY BUSINESS YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO HAVE A HEART. I OWNED A DIME-A-DANCE HALL IN CHICAGO. BUSINESS WASN'T TOO HOT THEN BUT THE JOINT WAS NEAR THE WATERFRONT AND ENOUGH SEAMEN DROPPED IN TO KEEP THINGS GOING..."

THAT JERK IN THE CORNER IS JUST SITTING THERE, BUNNY. GET HIM TO **DANCE**... AND **DRINK!** I'LL GET THE BOYS READY!

HAVE A **HEART**, BERNIE! HE'S A **BABY!**



AFTER THE SUCKER HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK ONE OF THE GIRLS LED HIM OUT BACK AND MY STRONG-ARM BOYS WENT TO WORK...

GRAB HIS **WALLET**, HANK! HE'S GOOD FOR A **HUNDRED** AT LEAST!



"I HAD TWENTY GIRLS WORKING FOR ME THEN... AND EACH ONE HAD HER OWN LITTLE 'SPECIALTY'. TAKE BUNNY, FOR INSTANCE, SHE WAS INNOCENT LOOKING AND WORKED BEST ON GUYS WHO WERE FAR FROM HOME AND LONELY..."

C'MON, HANDSOME, YOU NEED SOME **CHEERING UP!**





"BUT BEST OF ALL WAS ELAINE. IT WAS FUNNY TOO, SHE WASN'T LIKE THE OTHERS. HER FIGURE WAS OKAY, BUT NOTHING TO RAVE ABOUT, AND HER FACE WAS KIND OF PLAIN. I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN HER EYES THAT GOT THE BOYS. SHE HAD EYES LIKE A LITTLE BABY DEER..."



"SHE'D COME TO CHICAGO FROM A LITTLE TOWN IN THE MIDWEST. THE KID HAD WANTED A DECENT JOB BUT IN THOSE DAYS, JOBS WERE HARD TO FIND. BOY, HOW SHE HATED THE DANCE HALL..."



LOOK, BABY, WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO RELAX. *EVERY* SATURDAY NIGHT YOU TELL ME YOU'RE QUITTIN' AND *EVERY* MONDAY NIGHT YOU'RE *BACK*! STOP THINKING SO MUCH AND JUST TAKE IT EASY!



"WE WENT THROUGH THE SAME ROUTINE EACH SATURDAY. SHE'D STAND IN THE DOORWAY OF MY OFFICE AND CRY THOSE PRETTY EYES OUT..."



"ON MONDAY NIGHTS SHE ALWAYS ACTED DIFFERENT THAN ON OTHER NIGHTS. SHE'D GET DRUNK AND START CARRYING ON WITH ALL THE GUYS..."



"AND THEN SHE'D LEAVE WITH ONE OF THE JERKS. HER FACE WOULD BE BRIGHT AND LAUGHING... BUT HER EYES WERE FILLED WITH TEARS..."



BERNIE'S VOICE STOPS MOMENTARILY AS DOCTOR WIRTH WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD HIM, STETHESCOPE IN HAND...





WELL, SHE STAYED WITH ME FOR ABOUT A YEAR AND THEN SUDDENLY, SHE DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR A WEEK! I FIGURED MAYBE SHE'D GONE BACK HOME BUT ON THE NINTH DAY SHE CAME WALKING INTO MY OFFICE...



"SHE LOOKED LIKE A MILLION BUCKS... NEW CLOTHES, AND A SMILE ACROSS HER FACE A MILE WIDE..."

WELL, IF IT AIN'T BRIGHT-EYES! I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE BACK TO THE HINTERLANDS!

NO, BERNIE, I DID SOMETHING BETTER! I GOT MARRIED! HE'S AN ANGEL... THE KINDEST SWEETEST MAN I'VE EVER MET! I JUST STOPPED IN TO SAY GOODBYE!



"A FEW MINUTES LATER SHE LEFT AND GOT INTO A CAR WHERE THE SUCKER WAS WAITING FOR HER. I COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING AS THEY DROVE AWAY..."

LOOKS LIKE THE JERK'S GOT DOUGH! THAT'S A CADILLAC! THE POOR SAPI! IMAGINE MARRYING A TRAMP LIKE THAT! THE GUY MUST BE NUTS!



THAT'S RIGHT, MR. KELLOG, BREATH DEEPLY! WAS THAT THE LAST TIME YOU SAW ELAINE?

THE LAST TIME FOR **TWENTY YEARS!** AFTER SHE LEFT I DIDN'T GIVE HER A THOUGHT! I WAS TOO BUSY DOING **OTHER THINGS!**



"A FEW YEARS LATER THE WAR BEGAN AND I STARTED MAKING MONEY HAND-OVER-FIST. I TURNED THE DANCE HALL INTO A BAR AND GRILL... AND OPENED A LITTLE GAMBLING DEN IN THE BACK OF THE PLACE..."

IT'S A **GOOD NIGHT**, BOSS. SOME JERK JUST DROPPED OVER A **GRAND** AT THE CRAP TABLE!



"BUT THEN I GOT THE ITCH TO MAKE REAL DOUGH. I WANTED TO OPEN A JOINT UPTOWN AND I NEEDED CASH... BIG CASH. I WENT TO STUDS HANOVER, A HOT-SHOT GAMBLER FOR A LOAN..."

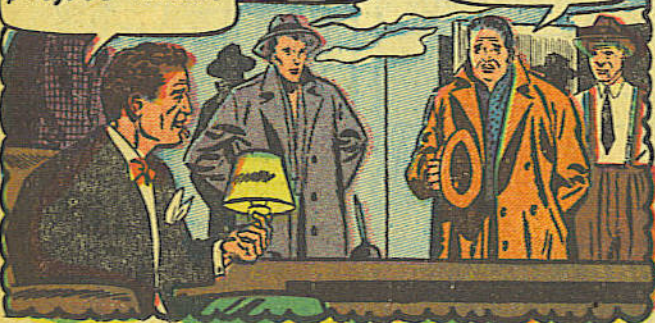


I CAN STILL HEAR HIS VOICE WHEN I TURNED TO LEAVE...

SOUNDS LIKE A **GOOD DEAL**, BERNIE! I LIKE TO HELP YOU **LITTLE GUYS** WHEN I CAN. I'LL GIVE YOU **\$40,000...** BUT IN **THREE YEARS** I WANT A **\$70,000 RETURN!**

YOU'RE A PAL, STUDS! AND DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL GET YOUR DOUGH!

I'M **NOT** WORRIED, BERNIE. I **ALWAYS** GET MY MONEY BACK... OR SOMEBODY **DIES!**





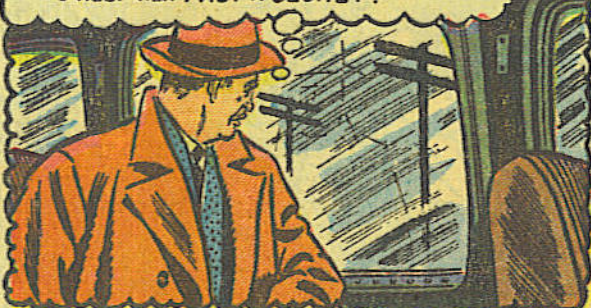
AND WAS YOUR  
NEW VENTURE  
A SUCCESS?

THERE AIN'T NO USE WASTING  
WORDS...IT **FLOPPED**...  
**FLOPPED HARD!** WITHIN TWO  
YEARS I WAS **BROKE**... ALL  
I HAD LEFT WAS THE OLD  
JOINT DOWNTOWN!



"IN A FLASH I REMEMBERED ELAINE AND HER HUSBAND...THE HUSBAND WITH A CADILLAC/THE NEXT DAY I WENT TO THE CITY HALL AND CHECKED THE MARRIAGE RECORDS. I GOT HER NAME AND ADDRESS AND HOPPED A TRAIN FOR HERE...

POOR ELAINE, I ALMOST HATE TO DO THIS... BUT A GUY'S GOT TO THINK OF HIMSELF! I'M SURE SHE'D BE WILLING TO SHELL OUT 30 G'S TO KEEP HER PAST A SECRET!



I DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF MONEY! IT'S (SOB) OUT OF THE QUESTION! T-THIS IS A LITTLE TOWN. (SOB) NOBODY HAS THAT MUCH MONEY! TO DO BUT CALL THE LOCAL PAPER!

TCH, TCH, AIN'T THAT TOO BAD! I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT CALL THE LOCAL PAPER!



"SHE BEGGED ME, PLEADED WITH ME... EVEN GOT DOWN ON HER HANDS AND KNEES TO ME...

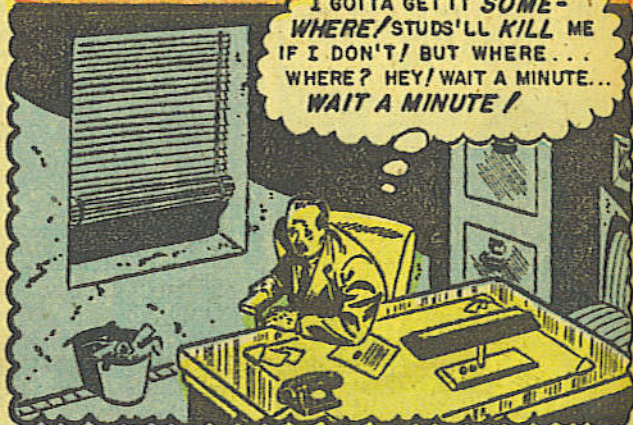
BERNIE, (SOB) HAVEN'T YOU ANY HEART? YOU CAN'T DO THIS! (SOB) P-PLEASE, BERNIE, PLEASE... HAVE A HEART!

I'M SICK OF THIS BLUBBERING! CUT IT OUT...YOU'VE GOT UNTIL MID-NIGHT TONIGHT! NOW GET OUT!



"I SPENT THE NEXT TWO YEARS TRYING TO SCRAPE TOGETHER ENOUGH DOUGH TO PAY STUDS... BUT IT WAS NO USE. YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT KIND OF DOUGH IN A DIME-A-DANCE HALL. THEN ONE NIGHT, I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED ELAINE...

I GOTTA GET IT SOMEWHERE! STUDS'LL KILL ME IF I DON'T! BUT WHERE... WHERE? HEY! WAIT A MINUTE... WAIT A MINUTE!



"I CHECKED INTO THIS JERKWATER HOTEL AND CALLED HER SHE CAME OVER...

B-BERNIE, (SOB) YOU CAN'T... CAN'T! THE SCANDAL WOULD RUIN HIM!

IT DON'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY, HONEY! JUST GET THE DOUGH FOR ME!



WELL, HOW ABOUT IT, DOC? AM I OKAY?

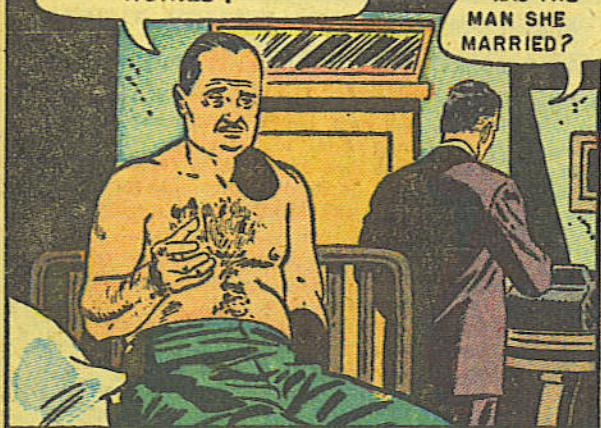
YES, JUST A LITTLE INDIGESTION! BUT TELL ME, YOU SAID ELAINE WOULD BE HERE TONIGHT WITH THE MONEY. DID SHE CALL YOU?





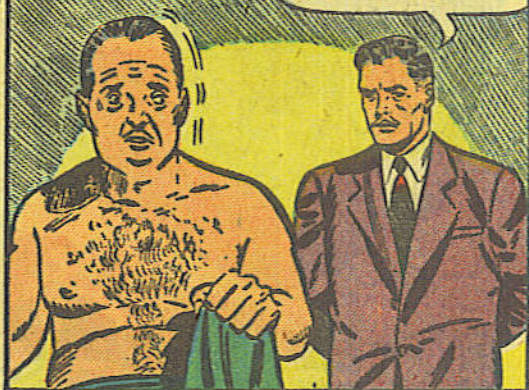
NOW, SHE DIDN'T CALL---BUT SHE'LL BE HERE, ALL RIGHT! I KNOW HUMAN NATURE. WHAT'S SHE GONNA DO? LET HER HUSBAND BE RUINED?

BY THE WAY, WHO WAS THE MAN SHE MARRIED?



SOME STUPID DOCTOR! HE... HEY... W-WAIT A MINUTE... A DOCTOR!

YES, MR. KELLOG, ELAINE MARRIED A DOCTOR! ELAINE MARRIED ME! I'M HER HUSBAND!



BERNIE'S EYES BULGE OUT OF HIS HEAD IN TERROR. IN HIS CONFIDENCE AT VICTORY, HE'D FORGOTTEN ONE SMALL, BUT VERY IMPORTANT, DETAIL... DOCTOR HOWARD WIRTH WALKS TOWARD HIM... AND SOMETHING SHINY GLIMMERS IN HIS HAND...

S--STAY AWAY FROM ME...

YOU AND YOUR DIRTY BLACKMAIL! MY WIFE DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT THIS, MR. KELLOG... SHE DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ME... AND SHE COULDN'T PAY YOU... SO SHE KILLED HERSELF! SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE TONIGHT!



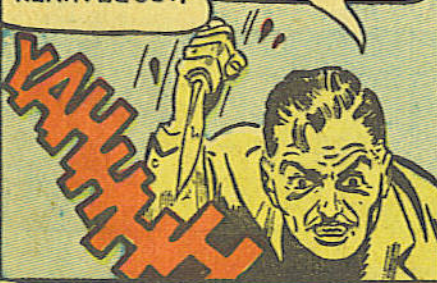
SHE BEGGED YOU... PLEADED WITH YOU! BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! YOU WERE HEARTLESS! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HEART, MR. BERNIE KELLOG!

I... I DIDN'T MEAN IT... I'D HAVE LET HER OFF THE HOOK... NO!



DR. WIRTH GRABS BERNIE KELLOG IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP AND PUSHES HIM BACK OVER A CHAIR... THE KNIFE IS UPRAISED IN HIS HAND AND HE BRINGS IT DOWN... AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN...

NO, MR. KELLOG, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HEART! YOU KILLED HER! YOU DIDN'T CARE THAT SHE WAS GOOD AND DECENT AND KIND... ALL YOU CARED ABOUT WAS YOUR FILTHY MONEY! YOU'RE HEARTLESS... HEARTLESS!!

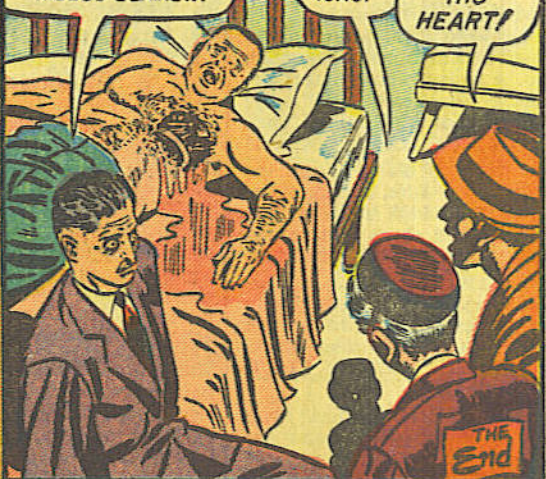


WHEN THE BELLHOP AND THE HOUSE DETECTIVE CAME TEARING UP TO ROOM 375 THEY FOUND DR. HOWARD WIRTH SITTING DAZEDLY ON THE EDGE OF THE BED... AND STRETCHED ACROSS THE BED...

NO, HE DIDN'T HAVE A HEART... HE KILLED HER... KILLED ELAINE...

OH, MY GOD! (GAG)

(GAG) H-HE CUT OUT HIS HEART!





**H**E'D WORKED ON THE *PLAN* FOR MONTHS. EVERY *SMALL DETAIL* WAS ACCOUNTED FOR! NO, HE *ASSURED* HIMSELF, HE *COULDN'T FAIL*! THIS WAS TO BE IT!

**THE**

# PERFECT CRIME

B-BRUCE, NO! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, P-PLEASE, NO... NO...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH, MY PET! SORRY, SELMA, BUT I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!



YOUR NAME IS BRUCE REED. YOU'RE FORTY YEARS OLD AND AN EXTREMELY HANDSOME MAN! AS YOU PEER AT YOUR IMAGE IN THE MIRROR THIS MORNING YOU CAN'T HELP ADMIRING YOUR FINE PROFILE...

THERE'S *NO DOUBT* OF IT, BRUCE, OLD BOY, YOU'RE A *FINE* SPECIMEN OF A MAN!



YES, BRUCE, YOU *ARE* AN ATTRACTIVE MAN. YOU DRESS EXPENSIVELY, YOUR MANNERS ARE IMPECCABLE. EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU IS IN THE BEST OF TASTE... EXCEPT YOUR WIFE!

'MORNING, DARLING! SLEEP WELL?

YES, SELMA, I SLEPT VERY WELL.

GOOD LORD, LOOK AT HER! SHE'S A MESS!





WHEN YOU MARRIED HER 20 YEARS AGO, SELMA WAS A RAVING BEAUTY. BUT MANY YEARS OF NOT TAKING CARE OF HERSELF HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL UNTIL NOW SHE IS JUST A SLOPPY WOMAN APPROACHING MIDDLE AGE...

WE'RE (CHEW SLURP) SUPPOSED TO GO (CHEW SLURP) TO THE ALLANS TONIGHT, DEAR!

PLEASE, SELMA, DON'T TALK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL!



YOU FIND SELMA SO DISGUSTING THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN ENJOY YOUR BREAKFAST! YOU HURRIEDLY DRINK YOUR COFFEE AND LEAVE FOR THE OFFICE.

HAVE A GOOD DAY, HONEY!

YES, DEAR!

CAN'T SHE EVEN WIPE THE CRUMBS OFF HER MOUTH BEFORE KISSING ME? UGH!



IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE YOU THAT IN 20 YEARS OF MARRIAGE SELMA HAS NEVER LEARNED YOUR LIKES AND DISLIKES? REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS, BRUCE?

I LOOKED ALL OVER TOWN 'TIL I FOUND IT, BRUCE! ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

YES, ER, BEAUTIFUL!

GOOD GOD, I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD IN THIS HORSE-BLANKET!



OR YOUR BIRTHDAY WHEN SHE GAVE YOU THAT RIDICULOUS EXPENSIVE CAMERA.

EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE A HOBBY! I EVEN GOT YOU A TRIPOD, HONEY! YOU'LL HAVE LOADS OF FUN!

YES, THAT'S JUST FOR ME. A HOBBY! SELMA, YOU DUMB SLOB!



BUT NOTHING YOU'VE EVER SAID HAS MADE ANY DIFFERENCE. SELMA HAS CONTINUED TO GIVE YOU OUTLANDISH PRESENTS AND SURPRISES! YOU GAVE UP TRYING TO CHANGE HER A LONG TIME AGO.

GOOD MORNING, MISTER REED!

'MORNING, MISS SHAY

IF ONLY SELMA WOULD DIVORCE ME!



BUT OF COURSE, AN ATTRACTIVE MAN LIKE YOU HASN'T SUFFERED ALONE YOUR AFFAIR WITH SYLVIA RITTER, ONE OF YOUR CLIENTS, BEGAN OVER A YEAR AGO...

SURPRISE, DARLING! I TOLD MISS SHAY NOT TO TELL YOU I WAS HERE!

SYLVIA, YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



YES, SYLVIA IS YOUR TYPE OF WOMAN, ISN'T SHE, BRUCE? SOPHISTICATED, WELL-DRESSED AND CHARMING. YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT HER.

BRUCE DARLING, DARLING...

MY DEAREST SYLVIA.



DID YOU SPEAK TO HER, BRUCE? IS SHE GOING TO DIVORCE YOU?

HONEY, I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE SELMA WILL NEVER

DIVORCE ME I'VE GOT TO HAVE MORE TIME TO WORK SOMETHING OUT!





YOU'VE BEEN STALLING SYLVIA FOR THREE MONTHS AND, AS YOU'D FEARED, SHE'S AT THE END OF HER PATIENCE...

SORRY, BRUCE DEAR, I **ADORE** YOU... BUT I'LL NOT WAIT **ANY** LONGER! KEVIN LORD WANTS TO MARRY ME. HE'S A **TERRIBLE BORE** BUT HE HAS **MONEY**... AND CAN OFFER ME **MARRIAGE**!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, SYLVIA...

YOU'VE GOT **EXACTLY** A WEEK, MY SWEET, NOT A DAY LONGER! ADIEU, DARLING!

I'LL MANAGE IT... I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT **SO HELP ME GOD**, SOMEHOW I'LL DO IT!

BRAVE WORDS, BRUCE, BUT STILL JUST WORDS. YOU SPEND THE DAY RACKING YOUR BRAIN FOR A WAY TO GET SELMA TO DIVORCE YOU... BUT BY EVENING YOU'RE STILL WITHOUT A SOLUTION...

...AND I WAS SAYING TO GRACE BURNS TODAY, BRUCE **LOVES** HIS CAMERA! HE **WANTS** TO HAVE A HOBBY... IT'S JUST THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE THE RIGHT **EQUIPMENT**!

OF COURSE, DEAR! WHAT I REALLY NEED IS A **DARK ROOM**!

AND THEN SUDDENLY YOU HAVE THE ANSWER! **MURDER**! OF COURSE, YOU WERE A FOOL NOT TO THINK OF IT BEFORE! THAT NIGHT, AS SELMA SNORES AT YOUR SIDE, YOU CAREFULLY LAY OUT A PLAN...

I'LL HAVE TO WORK **FAST**, BUT I'M A **LAWYER**! IF I CAN'T COMMIT THE **PERFECT CRIME**, **NO ONE CAN**!

ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING YOU START PART ONE IN MOTION...

SELMA DARLING, I GOT A **SURPRISE** FOR YOU! WE'RE TAKING A **SECOND HONEYMOON**! I'VE MADE RESERVATIONS FOR US TO SAIL TO **BERMUDA** A WEEK FROM TODAY!

**BERMUDA**! OH BRUCE, HOW **MARVELOUS**! BUT HOW ON EARTH CAN I GET READY IN A WEEK? THERE'S **SHOPPING, PACKING** AND...

YOU'LL MANAGE, HONEY! GET GRACE AND LOIS ALLAN TO HELP WITH EVERYTHING!



AS YOU LEAVE THE HOUSE YOU CAN HEAR SELMA TALKING EXCITEDLY OVER THE PHONE...

ISN'T IT MARVELOUS, GRACE? JUST THINK, **BERMUDA!** I CAN HARDLY...

THAT'S RIGHT, **BLABBER MOUTH,** TELL GRACE... **TELL EVERYONE WE'RE LEAVING TOWN!**



WHEN YOU REACH YOUR OFFICE YOU CALL NEW YORK AND MAKE A RESERVATION FOR MR. AND MRS. BRUCE REED ON THE **HAVANA QUEEN** LEAVING FOR **BERMUDA** IN A WEEK. THEN YOU CALL SYLVIA...

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS, DARLING, JUST DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! **MEET ME IN NEW YORK A WEEK FROM TONIGHT!** WE'RE GOING TO **BERMUDA!**

I **KNEW** YOU'D WORK SOMETHING OUT, BRUCE... YOU **ANGEL!**



DURING THE NEXT WEEK SELMA SHOPS AND PACKS FRANTICALLY. ON THE NIGHT BEFORE YOUR DEPARTURE YOUR FRIENDS THROW A GOING-AWAY PARTY...

YOU BETTER WATCH THAT **HANDSOME** HUSBAND OF YOURS, SELMA, SOME **LUSCIOUS** SOUTH AMERICAN BEAUTY MAY **STEAL HIM!**

**NOT MY BRUCE!** HE HASN'T LOOKED AT ANOTHER WOMAN IN TWENTY YEARS!

I **ENVY** YOU TWO! YOU'LL HAVE A **WONDERFUL** TIME!



THE PARTY BREAKS UP AT MIDNIGHT AND AFTER THE GUESTS LEAVE YOU'RE READY TO GET DOWN TO WORK...

WHAT AN **IDIOT** I AM! I ALMOST FORGOT TO PACK MY **BATHING SUIT!**

YOU WON'T **NEED** IT. WHERE YOU'RE GOING YOU WON'T NEED **ANYTHING!**



WHY, HONEY, DON'T BE **SILLY!** I CAN'T GO TO **BERMUDA** WITHOUT A **BATHING SUIT!** WHY, I...

YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO **BERMUDA,** SELMA!



SHE LOOKS AT YOU, HER EYES BEWILDERED AND CONFUSED. POOR SELMA, SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND AT ALL...

BRUCE, WHAT'S THE **MATTER.** Y-YOU LOOK SO STRANGE! IS ANYTHING WRO...  
**M-MY ARM, BRUCE, YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM!**

I'M GOING TO HURT **MORE** THAN YOUR ARM, SELMA! I'M GOING TO **KILL YOU!**



**KILL ME?** BRUCE, T-THIS ISN'T **FUNNY!** WHAT KIND OF A **GAME** ARE YOU...

THIS IS **NO GAME,** SELMA! I'M IN **DEADLY** EARNEST! I'M **SICK** OF YOU... **SO SICK** OF YOU THAT I WANT TO **VOMIT!**





AND THEN SHE BELIEVES YOU AND HER EYES FILL WITH FEAR. THE SIGHT OF HER FAT TERRIFIED FACE ELATES YOU! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS SELMA'S FACE MAKES YOU HAPPY.

B-BRUCE,  
MY GOD,  
NO...NO!

OH, YES, SELMA,  
YES! I'VE WORKED  
EVERYTHING OUT  
PERFECTLY!

AS YOUR HANDS GRIP HER THROAT HARDER AND HARDER YOU TELL SELMA YOUR PLAN... AS SHE'S DYING YOU WANT HER TO KNOW HOW CLEVER YOU ARE...

IT'S WONDERFULLY SIMPLE! I LEAVE IN THE MORNING AND MEET SYLVIA RITTER IN NEW YORK--OH, I'D FORGOTTEN TO TELL YOU, SYLVIA'S GOING TO BE MY WIFE! THEN SYLVIA AND I BOARD THE HAVANA QUEEN...

...AND NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT SHE ISN'T YOU! WHEN I RETURN IN SIX WEEKS I'LL HEARTBROKENLY TELL EVERYONE THAT YOU'VE DIED OF DYSENTERY AND YOUR BODY WAS CREMATED BY STATE LAW!

AGHHRR  
(CHOKE)  
HHHH!

SECONDS LATER SELMA STOPS STRUGGLING AND SLUMPS BACK INTO THE CHAIR. SHE'S DEAD AND PART TWO OF YOUR PLAN IS COMPLETED...

TOO BAD YOU DIED BEFORE YOU COULD HEAR THE END, MY SWEET! TCH, TCH...WELL, SUPPOSE I SHOW YOU THE END! COME ON, FATSO, I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF YOUR BODY!

YOU TAKE SELMA'S BODY DOWN TO THE BASEMENT WHERE YOU HAVE ALL THE EQUIPMENT READY. IT'S HARD WORK BUT TWO HOURS LATER YOU HAVE ALL THE BRICKS REMOVED FROM THE EAST WALL...

THIS IS IT! MY SWEET WIFE, YOUR FINAL RESTING PLACE...NOT MUCH OF A CEMETERY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN MANAGE!

DAWN IS JUST BREAKING AS YOU FINISH THE GRISLY TASK AND CEMENT THE LAST BRICK BACK IN PLACE.

THAT DOES IT! NO ONE, WOULD DREAM WHAT'S BEHIND THE WALL! I'LL SHOWER AND CATCH THE 5:02 BEFORE ANYONE IN TOWN IS UP!

YOU CAREFULLY PUT ALL THE TOOLS AWAY, SHOWER AND BOARD THE TRAIN WITHOUT A TICKET. YOU'RE NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ARE YOU, BRUCE?

IF I'D GOTTEN THIS AT THE STATION THE TICKET SELLER MIGHT HAVE RECOGNIZED ME!



